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LOGAN. :

THE SONG OF THE CLOCK Stay, master, a moment, and hear me, l pray.
And mark what I say.
And mark what I say:
For years I have halled you by day and by night
To bid you do right, do right,
Do right

Yet little you beed my monotonous song.

Which warns against wrong,
Which warns against wrong;
You forget that you have with each moment's swift flight
Less time to repent and do right,
Do right.

From daylight to darkness, from darkness to dawn. dawn,
I continue to warn,
I continue to warn,
I continue to warn;
time-piece, 'tis true, but my chiefest

delight is to bid you do right, do right, Do right. Each vibrating pulse of my being is fraught, With serious thought; With serious thought; For I know that each tick of mine heralds

official of a soul into darkness—do right,
Do right.

What though the heart's sorrows, and pas-sions, and strife Cloud darkly your life, Cloud darkly your life; Gaze stendiastly sunward, where promises bright Beam calmly for those that do right, Do right,

And so should be you,
And so should be you;
And so should be you;
suld you have a heart cloudless and joyous and bright;
Try, try to do right, do right,
Do right.

Then soom not my pleading, good master For you may depend,
For you may depend
That the dawn of true happiness follows the or the day of resolve to do right,

Do right.

- W. B. Senbrook, in Youth's Companion.

AN AFFAIR OF HONOR.

It Was Settled to the Satisfaction of All

Young Versouil had just received his commission as Lieutenant in a cavalry regiment garmsoned at Metz. Verseuil was rich, handsome and courageous. His epaulettes, the sword which gleamed at his side, and the uniform which set off his fine figure so admirably, thrilled him with joyful anticipation. But now the time has arrived for him to join his reg ment, and be must bid farewell, perhaps forever, to his dear, sweet Ernestine, whom he loves more than fame, more than life, almost more than honor.

Ernestine resided at Chalons with her mother, Madame de Barville, their modest establishment being under the charge of one old servant. These two ladies were interesting through their merits, and also on account of their situation, which was unfortunate. Ernestme embroidered in secret, in order to procure for her mother those luxuries to which she had formerly been accustomed, and which she now found neces-

verscuil saw Ernestine and could not help loving one so amiable and beautiful. He was generally admired and esteemed, and Madame de Barville saw no reason to forbid his attentions, especially as the young man was entire master of his own actions and fortune. and had fully explained his intentions. However, Madame de Barville, a lady of prudence and delicacy, counseled some delay. "My dear Verseuil," she said, "you should not, w thout thorough vourself for life. Of course we feel deeply honored by your love for Ernestine, but, although poor, I could not take advantage of your inexper ence, to assure to my child a position which you might one day regret having given her. A career of distinction lies before you. Serve your country and your King, and when you understand your sentiments and find that your mind approves them, I will not oppose a love intensified by time." Verseuil, with the most heartfelt emotion, assured Madame de Barville that his affect on for Ernestine would endure while life remained.

During his journey to Metz he thought constantly of Ernestine. On his arrival he was welcomed with the utmost cordiality by all the officers of the regi-ment. This reception flattered his selflove and his spirits, which had been depressed since his parting from Ernestine, recovered something of their nat-ural gayoty. In the evening he attended a military banquet. The repast was excellent, the wines of the best, and that disregard of conventionalities prevailed which is always noticeable in soldiers' gatherings. Soon the mirth became ex-cessive. The spirits of the guests sparkled like the wine which flowed unceasingly. They strove to intoxicate the new-comer, who thought himself obliged to respond to every toast.

Versenil, unaccustomed to this riotous kind of life, began to lose his self-control, and ere long was so far gone as to know nothing of what he sa'd or did. Excited by the champagne and the jests of his friends, his recklessness soon passed the bounds of him! propriety. Facing him at the same table was an old officer, who, though seventy-six years of age, still held only the position of Lieutenant. This was the Chevalier de Montlue, a worthy man full of honor and simplicity, but can I do?" perhaps, a little poculiar in dress and manner. Throughout his fifty years of still more to the difficulty of his situaseevice he had been adored by the tion. officers of his regiment and had won the respect of all, although poverty had always kept him in an inferior rank.

The Chevalier de Montluc smiled indulgently at the talk of the young men. and replied pleasantly to their railleries so long as they rema ned within proper bounds. The almost rustic simplicity of his appearance struck the muddled fancy of young Versoull, and he addressed some impertment remarks to this respectable officer, forgetting his age, and not yet aware of his merits. Astonished that a youth and a stranger should accost him with such unwarrantable freedom, the Chevalier de endeavored by a stern command that respect look to command that respect which was his due, and which had before been denied him. poor Verseuil was no longer himself. The countenance of the aged Montiue, far from seeming to him imposing, struck him as in the highest degree ridiculous. He gave unreserved sway to all the foolish ideas suggested by chance and champagne, and at last gave expression to a wittelsm which delighted him at the time d him at the time, but was fated

and he reproached himself with having, luc, while far from her, yielded a moment to forgetfulness. He felt a presentiment that he should never see her ine;

plexed him.

His servant entered and handed him a letter; he recognized the hand of Madame de Barville. With what haste he opened the welcome missive! He would bear of Ernestine, who, perhaps had added a few words. He was filled with delight and all sad reflections were banished. This was the letter:

delight and all sad reflections were banished. This was the letter:

Pardon me, my dear Verseuil, for having
until now withheld from you a serret. You
certainly merit our entire confidence, but
my circumstances have demanded a reticence for which my heart has reproached
me. In believing me the widow of a veteran
soldier you were mistaken. My husband
still lives, and is near you in your regiment.
I beg of you, Verseuil, to show every attention to the Chevalier de Montiue. He is the
best of men, hour rad loy alty personified.
He is dearer to me than all the world beside,
and it so many reasons do not suffice to
make you love and respect him, he is the
father of your beloved Ernestine. This information astonishes you, and you ask, no
doubt, why I am not known by my husband's name. It is an honorable name
which we consider it our duty not to bear,
since we are without means to maintain it
properly. Losses without number have deprived me of the wealth which was my inheritance. The Chevalier de Montlue is a
younger son, and has no property. But he
possesses the lofty pride of bis race. He
suffers for my poverty, but he shall not
blush for it, in a world where to be poor is
almost a crime. Some day, perhaps before
long, this cruel state of things may be
changed. Then we will resume our names
and position, but meanwhile. Ernestine and
I must live in that seclusion befitting the unfortunate. Therefore revere and love Monsier de Montiue as a father. He needs care,
for he is poor. Beware, above all things,
of allowing him to suspect that you know
his secret. He would never forpive his
daughter or myself as long as he lived, I
had not intended to confide in you, but after
your departure Ernestine begzed of me, with
ears, the consolation of intrusting her father to the care of her best friend Though fameless, I'm smless, industrious,

To her mother's letter Ernestine had added these words: "I will measure the love of Verscuil by the care he gives to

my father."

It would be difficult to describe the impression made by this letter upon Verseuil. He blushed and was dis-tressed while he as yet but imperfectly remembered the scene of the previous evening and scarcely understood the reason of his remorse. What! this old officer whom yesterday in a fit of drunkenness he had treated with such want of consideration the father of Ernestine! Gradually be recalled all his foolish

ests and realized how inexcusable it was for a young person thus to address an estimable and unfortunate old man. you must leave the regiment. As he was reflecting upon the means of repairing this injury he heard a knock at the door and the servant announced the Chevelier de Montluc. At this name, at this unexpected visit, Verseull was almost petrified with astonishment. He would have greeted Monsieur de Montlue, but found no opportunity. The chevalier seated himself without ceremony, and assuming a stern and severe expression, gazed fixedly at Verseuil. After a moment of oppressive silence De Montine said in a calm,

dignified manner:
"Monsieur de Verseuil, I have seen fifty years of service; I have fought for my country and my King; I am covered with honorable sears. Though fortune may never distinguish me from the crowd, though I die in obscurity, at least honor will accom-pany me to the portals of the tomb. This honor, Monsieur de Ver-

souil, has served as my guide through a long and painful life. The only wealth which remains to me, it is my consolation for the innumerable hardships imposed upon me by fate. You, Monieur, at twenty years of age, have jeeringly insulted me, regardless of the deference which is due to my gray ha rs.

"Ah! Monsieur." seuil, and I have come to demand satisfaction."

"You! Good Heavens!" "Yes, I," continued the old officer, oldly. "D d you think, sir, that you coldly. were attacking a weak and defenseless old man? You were greatly mistaken.

Honor is never powerless. It can always find means to punish insult, and make public apology for the ill-timed hand is trembling and whose sight is will throw dice. Monsieur de Verseuil, by irreproachable conduct in the future, and he who throws highest shall blow and finally the hardness of the terms out the brains of the other."

"Blow out your brains! Better a thousand times perish," cried Verseuil, beside himself, walking the floor in violent agitation.

"You need not spare me." the old man proudly; "should fate seuil's apology, and not exact so cruel favor me I will not spare you. Mon- an atonement for so slight an injury. sieur de Verseuil, good morn ng. This evening at eight o clock we will meet upon the rampart; bring a friend."

With these words the Chevalier de

Montlue departed, slamming the door, and leaving the unfortunate Verscuil in the deepest distress. Alas! against whom was he about to fight? Against the man whom he ought most to revere and protect; against an old man; against the father of one so dear to

"No. no!" he said to himself. not accept the duel, I can not; I must not accept it, but then, what would my comrades say? What would Monsieur de Montluc think of me? Alas, what The inexperience of Verseuil added

At first he thought of seeking Monsieur de Montlue, humbly acknowiedging his fault, making every apology and offering any reparation except the tatal one. "But no," he reflects, "it is too late. The Chevalier de Montluc has fixed upon a combat where neither side has advantage, since the decision is

coward in the eyes of my comrades.' He shuddered at the idea.
"Well," he said after a moment of thought, "I have decided. I accept the duel with all its conditions. Heaven is my witness that the dread of death had no part in the cruel indecision which

He formed at this moment a generous resolution which calmed the tumult in

But new reflections soon plunged him into new anxiety. "What will Ernestine say when she learns that her lover has died by the hand of her father? How she will greeve! How criminal she will think me! O, if she could only know all that is passing in my heart, and the firm resolve I have

morning he rose early, but his mind hatred of Ernestine. The thought is was not so cheerful as usual. His first insupportable." He tormed the plan thoughts were of his dear Ernestine, of writing at once to Madame de Montluc, and explaining the true condition of affairs. "When I am dead," he said, "she will read my letter to Ernestment that he should never see her again, and a vague unrest, for which he could find no cause, troubled and perplexed him.

See that the should never see her again, and a vague unrest, for which he could find no cause, troubled and perplexed him. carry despair to my darling's heart?"
Finally he went to his writing desk
and made a will, giving all his wealth
to Madame de Montlue and Ernestine.
After signing and sealing this document he left the house, to find, if possible, some relief from the anguish which overwhelmed him. He walked through the streets of Metz, not caring whither he went, the more unhappy that he had no friend in whom to confide his sorrow.

He must find a second. What officer of the regiment will render him this service? He is a stranger, while the Chevalier de Montluc possesses the general regard. He sought the First Lieutenant of the regiment. "He is a wise man," he said; "perhaps he can give me some advice."

The First Lieutenant received him in a cold and reserved manner. Verseuil 'you see in me, Monsieur, the most un happy of men. I have at the very outset of my service in the regiment incurred the bad opinion of all. Yesterday I forgot myself so far as to treat with unpardonable disrespect the oldest of the officers. I have failed to show the consideration due to his age and his excellence. To-day I fully understand my fault, and would give my last drop of blood in reparation."

He then spoke of his interview with the Chevalier de Montlue, and the duel which was to take place, and added: had not before seen the Chevalier de Montlue, and did not know that he was, of all men, the one to whom I most owed honor and deference, and now that I know it, I must be held up to ridi cule or must die by his hand.'

"There is no alternative," said the First Lieutenant. "You have insulted the Chevalier de Montluc. He requests, he demands reparation; nothing less-excuses would not satisfy him; and you would be lowered in our estimation. With us, Monsieur, apologies are only allowed to men who have proved themelves courageous. Morever, I w ll not onceal from you, that if you refuse the duel you must leave the regiment, and if you kill the Chevalier de Montluc, whom we all love as a father, then also

"What," cried Verseuil, have you no other advice to offer me? I came to Metz filled with the brightest hopes. thought that I could win the regard of my comrades. I knew that I merited their esteem and friendship, and now, from the first day I am forsaken-an outcast! If blood would satisfy you: he went on in a sort of fury; "If I had to fight, Mons our, against you, against the bravest officer in the regiment, against you all, you would see if I lacked courage; but the Chevalier de Montluc!" He ended in a torrent of

tears. The First Lieutenant, who until then had appeared unmoved, was deeply touched by the situation and grief of this nteresting young man. He knew him to be brave, and understood that fear of death was not the cause of his distress and tears. He took the hand

of Verseuil and said to him:
"Monsieur de Verseuil, you have won my sympathy and may rely upon my fr endship. I will try to arrange this unfortunate affair, but I can not assure ou of the success of my endeavors. The hevalier de Montluc is the best of men, but he is extremely sensitive where his honor is involved. His age renders h mall the more exacting on this point. The older I am,' he is accustomed to "Do not interrupt me! If you find say, the more I should be respected. this discourse over long I will abridge to to your room, Monsieur de Verseuli, it. You insulted me, Monsieur de Versult, and seek to recover your tranquility, I will soon rejoin you.

ways find means to punish insult, and make public apology for the ill-timed force respect. It can render futile all jest which had offended the brave of-the advantages of which youth is so ficer. They then summoned the Chevyou would not wish to oppose your resented to the chevalier the youth and strength and skill against a man whose inexperience of Verseuil, the drunken condition into which his comrades had dimmed by age. It is my privilege to beguiled him, the remorse of the young make conditions and select arms. We man, who promised to make amends imposed-a duel where one of the two must per sh for an unimportant offense. simply a youthful imprudence. The Colonel ended by begging the Chevalier de Montluc, in the name of the regireplied ment, to condescend to accept

Monsier de Montluc listened impassively to this speech, and replied calmly. Colonel, if I were rich and young I could pardon him, but I am old and poor, and, therefore, more than others target for insult from those who can boast of youth and fortune. I have for the protection of my name only my courage and my honor, and I will mainin my veins. The youth of Monsieur de Verseuil is no excuse. If he were of humbly, and implore you to pardon my age I would not exact from him a respect which he would not owe me. His inexperience has need of a lesson, and that which I will give him may prove of some value if he does not die to-day the victim of his own temerity. As to the duel which I have proposed, I acknowledge the conditions to vere, but could I find any more gentle, and at the same time as just? They are the only ones where the weapons man, and I count my own for nothing. in the hands of fate. Excuses would seem to arise from fear. I would be a

> Verseuil; honor does not permit it. Chance will this evening dec.do which of us must perish."
>
> At this assertion spoken steadily and without the slightest indication of excitement, the officers lost hope of softening the severity of Monsieur de

> Montlue. The disappointed Lieutenant returned to Verseuil, who awaited him in great agitation. Verseuil saw from the expression of his friend that the old man persisted in his fatal resolution. "I see, Monsieur," he said, "that no arrange-ment can be made."

> "No, my young friend," replied the Lieutenant; "you must prepare to satisfy the chevalier. I regret it, for as I

The thought is a secret, the more important that it is not my own. The wife and daughter of the Chevalier de Montluc live at Chalons in the deepest retirement, under the assumed names of Madame and seemed interested, but now, thank Mademoiselle de Barville. I love the young Ernestine desperately, and she returns my affection. Madame de Montlue approves of our mutual love. Ernestine at the end of this campaign, in which I had hoped to harvest some laurels, would have received my name and fortune in granting me her hand. Monsieur de Montlue "My older brother." continued Monsieur de Montlue ("My older brother." continued ("My older brother. luc is ignorant of my love and my plans, and by a strange fatality he will, per-haps, destroy this evening the man who had hoped to call him father. You new understand, Monsieur, the cause of my sorrow, and the tears you have seen me shed. Should chance pronounce my death warrant, what would be the despair of Ernestine? What would she think of her lover killed in a duel by her father? I beg of you, Monsieur, write to her for my sake when I have

> With these words, drawing from his bosom the will which gave all his wealth to Madame and Madamoiselle de Montluc, he placed it in the hands of the Lieutenant as a sacred charge. The First Lieutenant pressed Verseuil to his heart and promised to fulfill last request, when sud-the clock struck eight. his denly It was time for the fatal meeting. Ver-scuil heard it calmly: he relied on the promise of the Lieutenant. Ernesting would know all. Moreover, the thought that his death would insure to her all the benefits hitherto denied by fate, the thought that in dying he would enrich her as he would have enriched her had he lived, did not fall to afford him some

comfort. He soon arrived with his new friend at the appointed place. All the officers of the regiment were already there and had made renewed but vain attempts to alter the decision of Montluc. To the arguments of his comrades the old soldier had but one reply: "Honor de-mands it." At the appearance of Ver-scuil, impressive a lence reigned among the spectators. All eyes were directed toward the young man, whose counte-nance, full of sweetness and dignity, proclaimed a noble spirit, and whose firm bearing showed a heart free from all fear. Verseuil went up to the Chevalier de Montluc and said to him, all fear. smiling: "Monsieur le Chevalier, this is my first attempt at the game of "You may not find it altogether

musing," repl ed the Chevalier, icily. "We are playing for large stakes"

The two seconds loaded the pistols.
The chevalier's second held the dicebox; he was to make the first trial, and the one of the principals who claimed the highest point should blow out the brains of his adversary.

The chevalier's second shook the dice

for a long time before giving them their fetal liberty, but finally they escaped and rolled upon the rampart. The two and rolled upon the rampart. The two se onds and all the officers hastened to see what po nt the chevalier had thrown. It was the number ten. All eyes were bent in deep sadness upon young Ver-souil, who appeared unmoved, although there were ten chances against two that he must die. The First Lieutenant, Versuil's second, took the box and dice with a trembling hand; he shook the dice with an almost convulsive move-ment, and let them suddenly escape from their prison. All look with trepi-dation; they hardly breathe; Verseuil has also thrown the number ten. They must again solicit chance, who seems unwilling to pronounce upon the fate of two beings equally interesting, one through his age and character, the other personal advantages and through his

youthful promise. lue's second took up the dice to renew The First Lieutenant did not lose a to the chevalier. He glanced at the adnoment. He went to the Colonel's dress and deep emotion was depicted on quarters and found all the officers to- his countenance. It was the writing of gether. After some active detating it his wife. He asked Versenil's permission to read this letter from one so dear. When he had finished he returned to Verseuil and said quietly: "I am ready; let us make another trial."

Monsieur de Montluc's second took the dice and shook them thoroughly; boastful. I do not propose a fight with alier de Montluc. The Colonel, as they rolled on the sand and showed the swords; you could not desire it; spokesman for the entire regiment, repnumber seven. The uncertainty was number seven. The uncertainty was renew; all wished to stop so long and harrowing contest, but it was too late. Verseuil's second took the dice in his turn, and threw the number nine.

At this decision all hearts were thrilled with deep horror. Verseuil's second have read a good book, to sit down and placed a loaded pistol in his hand, and write a short abstract of what you can he old Chevalier de Montlue approached his adversary and said calmly: sieur de Verseuil, make use of your

privileges."
"Yes," cried Verseuil, flinging his pistol over the rampart, "Yes, Monsieur de Montluc, I will make use of them. Come, gentlemen, come, you who were witnesses of the involuntary indignity which I offered to this respectable gentleman at a time when I was deaf to the voice of reason, be also w tnesses of the complete reparation which justice, honor, and all the sentiments of my heart oblige me to render him! Mon-sieur de Montluc," he said, addressing the old man, "the victory which I owe tain them while one drop of blood flows to chance gives me the right to confess to you my fault. I acknowled e it

> The old officer could not resist the appeal. His eyes filled with tears, and in a transport he could not control, he threw himself in the arms of Verseuil, who cried: "O my father!"

This exclamat on was followed by moment of silence, then Versen I added. in tones carnest and compassionate: "Yes, you will allow me to call you by that dear and sacred name; you do not come equal in the trembling hands of age and the firm grasp of youth. Beside, what is in question, Monsieur le Colonel? The death of Monsieur de attach me to I fe. You have at Chalons attach me to I fe. You have at Chalons pecially proud of the title of husband and father. May it be permitted the tenderest affection to repair the wrongs to accept the apology of Monsieur de of fortune toward our dear Ernestine? I love her, we love each other. I am free and have the disposal of my estate. Crown our mutual affection.

All the officers were deeply moved by this unexpected scene; they crowded around the aged De Montluc, who seemed to be reflecting upon Verseuil's offer. At last the brave and venerable soldier, taking Verseuil's band, said to him: "Monsieur de Verseuil, your conduct has been that of a generous and honorable young man. I can understand now what your position must have been. Love forbade your taking my life, and the serenty with which you came to the rendezvous proved that you would have nobly sacrificed delighted him at the time, but was noted to cost him dear.

Soon after the hour for retiring arrived and the company dispersed. Verseuil went immediately to bed and fell into a sound sleep, like a man at the into a sound sleep, like a man at the close of a well-spent day. The next shall bear to the grave the scorn and sleep of the cost him dear.

My heart, and the fifth resolve I have given the chevaller despited said before, if you kill him you will be said before, if you kill him you will be obliged. I think I shall have nobly sacrificed obliged to leave the regiment."

We will see about that," said Verseuller desultered, but honor commanded it thus. However, I can but recognize such deletacy and greatness of sout."

"You bet you will. I drive the only recognize such deletacy and greatness of sout."

"You bet you will. I drive the only of sout."

"You bet you will. I drive the only of sout."

"You bet you will. I drive the only of sout."

"You bet you will. I believe I can, with confidence, tell you of sout."

"A few days ago I would not have

Mademoiselle de Barville. I love the Henven, my postion is changed. At young Ernestine desperately, and the moment when we hazarded our

sieur de Montluc, "my older brother, who has ever treated me with profound indifference, has just died childless, and I am his heir. My daughter, therefore, is rich. For this reason, Monsieur de Verseuil, I do not hesitate to give her to you. Otherwise Ernestine could never have been yours. Honor would not have permitted it. But let us hasten to embrace those so dear to us." Mons eur de Montlue then took Verseuil's arm, calling him son, and they

ceased to live, and explain the details of this catastrophe. Above all, portray me as more unfortunate than guilty.

After the first expressions of paternal After the first expressions of paternal affection De Montlue related to his wife and be sure to say that I died loving and daughter the story of the duel, at which recital they shuddered with ter-ror. Verseuil depicted in his turn the agitation of his soul, and they wept in sympathy. Some time after, the regiment of Verseuil was called to Germany. There the young man covered himself with glory, and when the campaign was over he marr ed Ernestine. Their hap-piness continued as long as their virtues they lived, and endured, that is while the sweetest peace blessed and adorned a union solemnized, as it were, on the battle field. -- Translated from the French, in Albany Journal.

ODD DECORATIONS.

Strange Things in a Wilmington (Del.) Cemetery for Colored People

An obscure path, scarcely detected in the rank grass, leads to one of the burying grounds for colored people at Wilmington, N. C. Never were gathered stranger tokens of affection or of superstition in a resting ylace for the dead. One grave that recently attracted the attention of a visitor was that of an old man of ninety. In the center of the mound was partly buried the bus of a huge doll. There was a little marble headstone, from which dangled the rusted frame of a child's toy wire cra-At the base of the stone was a pair of toy flatirons, while at the foot of the grave were a pair of andirons and a cast-iron kettle and stuck in the ground a huge carving knife.

At one side was a child's grave. Set

in the middle of the mound above this was a large bowl, and a few plates were scattered about, with here and there cup and saucer. There were also upon this grave a sugar dish and some knives and forks. Another grave was provided with two large pitchers, a tureen, some smaller pieces of crockery and a kerosene lamp, with chimney and shade and wick and oil, in readiness for lighting. Another mound had a soup tureen, a collection of knives and forks, a small hatchet, a pan for frying hoecake, a gridiron, two teapots and lamp. Another had a still larger assortment of plates, cups and saucers, and two huge platters. It was rimmed with clam shells, and in lamps it was particularly rich, having a row of three. On the next grave a set of table casters was the most prominent object. The grave of a Baptist minister, which was oramented with a fine headstone, was supplied with a moustache drinking cup. On another grave were a couple of pails and some toy figures of horses, cows and goats, while another was com-pletely hidden from sight under a colection that defied description.

ground were lamps of all sizes, with match safes handy. Vases were plenty, and there were a few plaster of Par busts. On one grave an alarm clock was the most conspicuous object, and on another a pair of large flatirons. On almost every grave were bottles con-taining medicine. - N. Y. Sun.

HOW TO READ.

Advisability of Writing a Short Abstract After the Perusal of a Work.

Nobody can be sure that he has go clear ideas on a subject unless he has tried to put them down on a piece of paper in independent words of his own. It is an excellent plan, too, when you have read a good book, to sit down and remember of it. It is still a better plan, if you can make up your mind to a sl ght extra labor, to do what Lord Stafford and Gibbon and Daniel Webster did. After glancing over the title, subject or design of a book, these eminent men would take a pen and write rough ly what questions they expected to find answered in it, what difficulties solved what kind of information imparted practices keep us from reading with the eye only, gliding vaguely over the page, and they help us to place our new acquisitions in relation to what we knew before. It is almost always worth while to read a thing twice over, to make sure that nothing has been missed or dropped on the way, or wrongly conceived or interpreted. And f the subject be serious, it is often well to let an interval clapse. Ideas, relations, statements of fact are not to be taken by storm. We have to steep them in the mind, in the hope of thus extract ing their inmost essence and signifi cance. If one lets an interval pass, and then returns, it is surprising how clear and ripe that has become which, when we left it, seemed crude, obscure

and full of perplexity.
All this takes trouble, no doubt; but. then, it will not do to deal with ideas that we find in books or elsewhere, as a certain bird does with its eggs-leave by acc dent. They are like a man who should pace up and down the world in the delusion that he is clad in sumptuous robes of purple and veivet, when, in truth, he is only half covered by the rags and tatters of other people's castoff clothes. - John Moriey.

A Cheerful Hack-Driver.

An invalid from Boston came to Florida for his health. He was confined to his bed at first, but soon recovered sufficiently to take a ride in a hired back. The hack-driver was very polite and attentive, and when he helped the invalid out on their return to the hotel, the latter said:

CAN'T BE BELIEVED.

Mr. Blaine's Late Statement Regarding Civil-Service Reform Applied to the Test of His Public Record and Known

shades of his Augusta home, after redueing the Republican plurality in Pennsylvania from 81,000 to 45,000, without being called on to deny any of the reports of his stump oratory. Every precaution, he now tells us, was taken to make these reports conform not to what he said but what he wished published that he had said, and yet one report got abroad that has called for a denial from the champion denier of the country. His speeches were accurately reported, he tells us, for the Philadelphia Press by skilled stenographers, and yet a speech of his at Huntington, Pa., has been so "perverted" that he has been accused of "repudiating the Civil-Service reform with a sneer." It is unfortunate for Mr. Blaine that the public is used to his denials, and takes them for just what they are worth—"springes to eatch woodcocks." Since his celeeatch woodcocks," Since his cele-brated denial of April 24, 1876, of any interest in certain railway projects, except as as an investing purchaser, was proved false in the face of Congress and of the world by his own letters, no person or politician has ever accepted as true any denial by Mr. Blaine in any thing in which he had an interest People may admire him and political managers may worship him, but no one places any dependence on his word or disingenuousness. His reputation for veracity has been shat-tered into too many fragments to be patched into a water-holding vessel

In regard to the matter of his present denial, he is entitled to the widest circulation of his declared conversion to the principle of Civil-Service reform. It is so adroitly put that we repeat his words. "It is scarcely necessary to say," he writes, "that I have never repudiated reform in the civil service, nor abated my interest there-in." When it is recalled that Mr. Blaine, as Speaker of the House of Representatives, appointed the committee on the subject which toma-hawked the reform and executed the historical war-dance over its corpse, the true inwardness of his use of the word "repudiate" may be perceived. He never had any part in the reform to repudiate. He never took any favoring interest in it to abate. From the day he appeared in Washington as a lobbyist for the Spencer rifle manufacturers to the present time, the whole tenor of his utterances and practices have been inimical to the reform. His political life and methods have been one sneer at it, and to-day nobody would believe him were

to say, with Henry Cabot Lodge:

"1 approve the principle that
employment in those offices
in the civil service the duties of which are administrative and not political should be open on equal terms to every citizen without regard to party. If elected, I should favor the speedy extension of the present reformed system to all offices and employments of the Government to which it is applicable, and I favor the repeal of the laws which vacate a large number of non-political offices every four years, and the substitution therefor of a tenure during good behavior.'

Even if Mr. Blaine were to make such a declaration as this the people would not believe he meant it, and politicians would exchange winks with Mr. Blaine behind the people's back. All his prattle about aping English civil-service methods is demagogy, for Mr. Blaine is too able a man not to know that the part of wise statesmanthin is to take ence of every nation and people now struggling with the problem of government or that ever sank beneath the weight of false leaders and selfish statesmen. His idea of American Civil-Service reform is embraced in the Jacksonian maxim: "To the victors belong the spoits." - Chicago News.

A Conclusive Explanation.

Northern Republicans who wonder that their party has so little strength among the whites of the cotton States would find a sufficient explanation if they should contrast the condition of these States under Democratic rule with the situation when the carpetbaggers were in power. Take Alabama, for instance. When the Spen-cer gang controlled the State there were constant collisions between the races, the finances were demoralized, the school system was in a wretched plight, and the aspect of affairs was so discouraging that many good citizens were removing to other States. Now harmonious relations exist between whites and blacks, the cost of government has been lessened, the tax rate has been reduced, and returning prosperity not only has arrested the exodus of citizens, but has begun to attract immigrants from other States and countries. Best of all, the school system has been greatly improved, and Gov-ernor O'Neal was able to say in his recent message to the Legislature that "no other State appropriates so large a proportion of its taxes to public schools, and in no other is the school fund so economically handled or so nearly all paid to those who earn it in the school-room." The Governor also gave the assurance that "as prosperity gives them ability, the people will increase the resources of the school system and its usefulness."-N. Y. Post.

What He Would Do.

If the appeals of the Plumed Knight If the appeals of the Plumed Knight tellectual girth, in far-seeing wisdom, to the war prejudices of the people and in the affection of the thoughtful mean any thing they mean that if the Republican party can get back into power with him at its head an attempt will be made to control the Southern States from Washington, as was the case during the Administration of General Grant. As a result of that policy the South became solid. Business de pression was everywhere noticeable and the majority of the people were impoverished. Neither whites nor blacks made any progress, and nearly all of the former slave States were given over to turmoil and disaster.

What infatuation is it that induces a man who wishes to stand well with the people to strive to turn them back to the old regime of blood, despair and run? From the standpoint of the Northern Republican nothing could be more short-sighted than the readoption of a policy which would have no other result than that which made it abhorred by every body except the conscienceless adventurers who profited by their country's sorrows and shame. -Chicago Herald.

-- A Blaine paper says: "The sphers, and given him a conspicuous-American voter thinks." He does. He ness in which his deficiencies become thinks Jim Blaine is no man for the Presidency. -Chicago Times.

CLEVELAND AND FRIENDS.

Absurdity of the Charges of Dissensions in the Official Family. When certain critics of the Administration are short of other ammunition It was hoped that Mr. Blaine would for their guns, they fall back upon the be permitted to retire to the reflective oft-repeated charges of unpleasantness in the relations between the President and the members of his Cabinet. How absurd most of the stories of this character are when confronted with the facts! And none is more absurd than the one which is often repeated, that the President is a sort of petty despot who has changed the official relation of Cabinet officers from the old one of advisers to that of clerks in charge,

though not in control, of the several departments. The writers who are continually putting affoat assertions of this character know very well that they can not be denied ex cathedra. The President and the several members of his Cabince alone can with a knowledge of the facts dispute such assertions, but for the President, or any member of his official family, to enter into a denial of such allegations would be in-compatible with the dignity of the offices they hold. Fortunately, however, the common sense of the Amer-ican public can be reached, even though direct denials from the interested persons can not be had. The logic of facts in this as in other matters is indisputable.
What are the facts as to Mr. Cleve-

land and his Cabinet that are known or may be learned by every one? Cleveland came into office as President without practical experience of National Administration. He selected as his Cabinct officers three men of long experience in national affairs as Representatives and Senators in Congress; three whose services in the higher line of political organization had made their names household words in their party, and the seventh a jurist of unquestioned ability and respectability. This Cab-inet, thus selected, he has held intact for nearly two years, longer than any President since Van Buren, except Presidents Fillmore and Pierce, who did not change their Cabinets at all. and Buchanan, whose Cabinet lasted three years without a change in its personnel. Harrison changed the membership of his Cabinet in the first year of his administration. Polk in the first year reorganized his. Lincoln changed is Secretaries of War in the first year after his election. Grant changed his Secretary of State and of the Interior within a month, and Hayes within two years changed his Secretaries of War and of the Interior, his Postmaster-General and his Attorney-General.

In spite of assaults upon almost every member of his Cabinet, which been characterized by malice, mendacity and violence, Mr. Clevelaud's official family in the twenty-first month of its establishment remains the same as it was when he gathered it about him on March 4, 1885.

In view of these facts alone, can any thinking person credit the assertion that there have been serious differences in Mr. Cleveland's Cabinet or that he has treated his Cabinet officers with disrespect? Is it credible that Secre-tary Bayard, with his seventeen years of experience of public life, would submit to be treated as a mere executive clerk by a man who was a novice in National affairs when he had attained to the degree of master? That Mr. Lamar, a representative statesman of the South, who was a national legislator ere Mr. Cleveland had east his first vote, would permit himself to be thus slighted? That Mr. Manning, Mr. Cleveland's friend and counsellor before the Presidency had dawned upon his wildest ambition; his guiding spirit in later days and the manager of his campaign for election to the office Chief Magistrate, would brook such treatment now? Each of these three has had excellent opportunities to withdraw from the Cabinet, without trouble, had they wished it, and yet they remained beside their chief. Surely, the common sense of the American people will assume that these men did remain because they desired to assist that chief in administering the laws of the land, not as executive clerks, but as advisers and counsellors. And so with all the

And in like manner with regard to the stories of discord and disagree-ment within the Cabinet. The standing of the gentlemen who compose it. and the fact that they show no disposition to retire from it, ought to be sufficient proof that there is no foundation for statements which discredit their high character, and which go uncontradicted by them, for the sole reason that the dignity of the office they hold does not permit of their stooping to resent such imputations .- N. Y. Graphic.

CAPTURED FACTS.

In 1884 the Republican Presidential ticket lacked just ten votes of a clear majority in the old Bay State. In 1888 it will lack 10,000 votes of not a majority, but a plurality. The next Presidential vote of Massachusetts will be east for a Democrat. Two years hence New Hampshire, Massachusetts and Connecticut certainly, and Maine under certain conditions, may be found in the Democratic column. Good, faithful, united work will accomplish this glorious result. - Boston

-Grover Cleveland is one of the strongest men intellectually and in all that goes to make up the genuine statesman that has occupied the Presidential chair since the days of Washington, and he is daily growing in inand law-loving people of the land, but he has arrived at his present eminence not simply by his attention to the Civil-Service law, but by his broad and statesman-like action on all questions of public policy with which he has been called upon to deal .- Selma (Ala.)

Times. --- The difficulty which Mr. Blaine has in opening his mouth without-well, without being inaccurate, seems to be constitutional in its origin. were not, experience of the trouble it has caused him would put him on his guard. His mind seems to be thoroughly sensational, and the result is that he finds it impossible to talk with restraint or moderation. Every phrase must be more or less explosive blundering of his about the English civil-service, which is putting so many of his supporters to shame, is a good illustration of this weakness. The illustration of this weakness. The truth is that his intellectual outfit is just good enough for the editorship of a country newspaper, but his energy and ambition and entertaining social qualitiee have carried him out of his painfully evident and keep him in per-petual hot water.—N. Y. Post.